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The Collegian

Vol. VIII.

Clinton, S. C., June, 1910

No. 5

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

W. L. LATHAM and B. M. SCHLOTTER
Literary Editors

When Two Young Hearts are Parted

(FROM THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL.)

When two young hearts are parted
That once so fondly loved,
It is the sharpest sorrow
That ever may be proved.
That word rings like the passing bell,
"Farewell, farewell, for aye farewell!"
When two such hearts are parted
That once so fondly loved.

And when I first discovered
That love may disappear,
It was as if had vanished
The sun at noon-day clear;
Rang in mine ear that mournful knell,
"Farewell, farewell, for aye farewell!"
When first I learned the lesson
That love may disappear.

Then had my spring its ending
The cause full well I know,
Those lips which once had kissed me,
Now cold and dumb did grow;
But one word from those lips there fell,
"Farewell, farewell, for aye farewell!"
Then had my spring its ending,
The cause full well I know.

W. S. B.

The Class of Nineteen Ten

ORGANIZATION AND HISTORY.

<i>President</i>	J. S. MCGREGOR
<i>Vice-President</i>	D. B. SMITH
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	M. M. SELLERS
<i>Poet</i>	ANNE AUSTIN
<i>Prophet</i>	KATE AUSTIN
<i>Historian</i>	MARY DILLARD

COLORS.

Purple and White.

FLOWER.

Carnation.

On the twenty-seventh day of September, 1906, in the old college building, which today stands on the campus of the Thornwell Orphanage at Clinton, S. C., about thirty-five boys and girls were enrolled as Freshmen of P. C. S. C. As a whole, this large class did good work, especially that of solving math. problems on the floor, and writing sentences on the stove-pipe on an April day. They enjoyed themselves together, but daily looked forward to receiving notes from the Juniors and Seniors, let drop through a hole in Dr. Bean's room door adjoining Prof. Woodworth's. In 1907 the class was not so large, and at mid-term a large percentage lost its class standing. At each succeeding exam. for two years more the number steadily diminished, until now there are only nine left.

Here is a likeness and sketch of each:



J. S. MCGREGOR.

*No sweeter maid in all the earth,
In these four years we learned her
worth.
She was in school a dear classmate,
So guess her name!—It must be Kate.*

This lady's college course has been one of ease and pleasure. Her brilliant mind allowed her the privilege of enjoying herself until exams, when a little bit of "cramming" would put her over the pass with a good mark. She is very sympathetic, and delights in aiding the blind, lame, and halt. Her career in this world will be a noble success. Cross Hill should be justly proud of her.

She won the History Medal in '09; was vice-president of her class in '09, and prophet of her class in '08 and '10.

*Four years ago we scarcely knew
How firm a youth amid us grew,
But as the days went quickly past,
His traits unfolded to us fast,
Until at last, say all the school,
A very strong heart beat in "Jule."*

P. C. sends out, from Ruby, S. C., a lad of whom she is justly proud. He is an athlete, lover, student, but, best of all, stands well with the Faculty, whom he has the knack of "fooling." His pet aversion is German, while his hobby is writing out tables in Geology. He has worked hard for his B. A. degree, but now says he would be better satisfied with a "B. B." degree.

Manager of the baseball team of '08 and '10; president of the Senior Class; business manager of THE COLLEGIAN; president of the Philomathean Literary Society in '10, critic in '09, and monitor in '08; vice-president of the class in '07; president Inter-Collegiate Tennis Association of '09; member of the Pi Kappa Fraternity.



KATE AUSTIN.

*Another youth has stemmed the tide,
Among the "Nine" in June, sails out
into the wide.
Without the Senior brunette* there
would sail no Baker,
For he wouldn't consent to go, if he
couldn't take her.*

This lad, from Reidville, S. C., has been with us four years. He isn't an athlete, but is in the race to matrimony. We hope he may succeed in what he designs. He is very generous and has made many friends while in college.

He is a member of the Philomathean Literary Society; treasurer of P. L. S. '08-'09 and '09-'10; vice-president of Senior Class.



D. B. SMITH.

*She is small, and fair, a dainty lass,
This little brunette of the Senior Class,
Yet useless for us her name to say,
For voices are whispering, "Mattie
May."*



MATTIE MAY NEVILLE.

This little lady is popular with the students, and is free to talk to them, especially to the new students who seem lonely and homesick. The thoughts she does not speak shine out in her bright eyes and cheeks. She is the attractive little brunette of the Senior Class, and is a loyal member of the "Select Four."

She was poet of her class in '08.



W. L. LATHAM.

THE COLLEGIAN in '08-'09; literary edit the South Carolina Press Association
Of these four years, though short they seem,
Here's to the captain of P. C.'s ball team!
When he goes to the bat, shouts rise from all fellows,
Hurrah, for the Captain!—Marvin M. Sellers!

He is a good athlete, and a successful student. He stands well with the students, the Faculty, and fair sex. His most notable success was in Chemistry. He is ambitious, and wishes to emigrate to Baptist Hill, where he may fit himself for life. He is very full of life, and sees only the bright side of things. This lad is a good college man and is destined to make a success with whatsoever he undertakes.

Won the declaimer's medal in '07-'08; secretary of his class in '07, '08, '09, and '10; won the Science medal in '09; has been president, vice-president, secretary, censor and critic of the Philomathean Literary Society; executive committeeman to Oratorical Association in '10; captain of the ball team in '09 and '10; is a member of the Ph. K. P. Fraternity.

*O'er rugged seas he hath his way pursued,
 From lovely Fresh, to stately Senior days;
 And though a gentle discontent we've viewed,
 His murmuring was subdued and wild always.
 Now, whom would you guess but a lad from Sharon!
 It is our faithful classman—"Dr. Latham."*

Perhaps this lad is the hardest student in our class, with the exception of our poet. He is a student, deep, earnest, and oratorical. He is very generous in imparting his knowledge to his classmen. His notoriety consists in pronouncing German. He is a theological student, and with such a determination as he possesses is sure to make his mark in the world.

He won the "Shive Scholarship" for two successive years, also the magazine prize for two years. President of the Philomathean Literary Society for three terms, representing it in '09 and '10 in the debaters' contests; secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in '08-'09, and president in '10; Y. M. C. A. editor of or in '10; and recording secretary of in '10.



M. M. SELLERS.



ANNE AUSTIN

*The meekest, gentlest boy of the class,
Has worked on bravely to the last.
If the underclassmen his name would
know,
By Doctor Bean he is called "Bruno."*

Here's a youth who didn't enter college with the rest, but since entering our class, we've found him a very studious boy. He came from Texas, yet we are as proud of him as though he were a Carolinian. He does not believe in the strenuous life, but in serenity. He speaks only when spoken to, unless he wishes to coax Dr. Bean—then he speaks rapidly, in German. Indeed, he is very studious and never shirks a duty. He has proved himself a noble character.

He has been conductor, corresponding secretary, critic, vice-president, and president of the Eukosmian Literary Society; treasurer of Y. M. C. A. in '08-'09; assistant business manager of THE COLLEGIAN in '08-'09; literary editor for THE COLLEGIAN in '09-'10; and alumni editor of COLLEGIAN for '10-'11.

*She's fair, and pure, a Christian girl
indeed.*

*Her "fascinating" wit is never slow.
She during school doth study much and
read,*

*But at vacation time they say not so.
Yet never in this our fair native land
Man finds a nobler girl than our own
Anne.*

Her application, and natural quickness of mind combine to give her a very high class average. She is very popular in her class, and equally so with the Faculty. She is the most studious of our class; is good-natured, gentle, and kind to all. She will succeed in life as she has done in college.

Historian of her class in '09, poet of her class in '08 and '10; won the history medal in '08; and has led her class the last two years of college.



B. SCHLOTTER.



MARY DILLARD.

*All of the class, with the exception of one,
From other places to Clinton have come.
The only one left, the historian, you see,
Is proud to be called a Clintonian—M. D.*

Last of all, but not least, this maid, historian of her class in '06, '07, and '10, was fortunate to step up each year with the class, but as she has won no medals so far, she asks for a "Scrap" of the college as a souvenir of her college days.

And now, underclassmen, with sad hearts we leave you, but of all our labors, trials, and hardships during the past four years, the heaviest task and the most heart-rending one is upon us now as we bid you farewell.

Dear Juniors, who have climbed the heights and are now prepared to fill our places, we ask you not to follow in our footsteps, but to follow the path we have led, and reach the goal with the highest honors and dignity that can be bestowed upon you. Too late we have discovered wherein lay our weakness, so take our advice and profit by the example we have set you. Remember that in us you have friends who are willing to assist you in any way at any time. We are grateful to you for your interest in us during the past three years, and with

heavy hearts we now commit the responsibility of the underclassmen, and the guiding hand to you, rising Seniors, with the best of wishes. We now bid you farewell.

Wise little Sophs., who have worked faithfully and climbed to the Junior height, we gladly submit you to the care and protection of the class of '11. We have watched them during their career and feel sure they will make for you an excellent guide. You have done faithful work so far, so keep aspiring to higher things until the goal is reached. We feel a deep interest in you, and our prayer is that you will not be content with your mark in college, but will accomplish great work for Him who made and loves you. It now becomes our solemn duty to bid you, too, farewell.

Rising Sophs., we congratulate you on your first collegiate work. You have learned how to work, and may you accomplish more each step of your way. Our fellowship with you was indeed pleasant, and now, as we leave you, we're not cutting ourselves off from you entirely, but shall think of you as you advance to the position we now occupy. 'Tis now we, too, must part. Farewell!

Dear little Preps., who are now ready to begin your collegiate work, we warn you to perform faithfully your work each day, for the course before you is hard. You will have ups and downs, and the way will seem rugged indeed, but remember that "beyond the Alps lies Italy."

We are confident that you will be successful, and with best wishes we must part with one and all. Farewell!

To the Faculty, whom we all honor and respect, we extend our thanks and just appreciation for their kind and sympathetic aid during the past four years. Farewell! Farewell!

M. DILLARD,
Class Historian, 10.

The Passing of '10

We meet in the halls of the college dear,
And sorrow fills each heart,
As we leave behind us the last long year.
'Tis soon we Seniors must part.

We think of the years since first we met,
Of the times we've had together;
But sad is the thought of the time now set,
The tenth of June, when we sever.

We're tired of studies, of lectures, of "E's,"
Tired of being caught in the halls,
Yet we're striving and sighing and longing for June,
When we shall have no more falls.

Our path has been rugged, and steep, and long,
Only a few beams light our way;
Yet the end of "conditions" and glory of June
We shall see on commencement day.

We carry away much love in our hearts
For the Juniors, Fresh and Sophomores
For the time has come when we, too, must part
May it not be for ever more!

To you, underclassmen, we have one wish,
That as the time shall pass
And you gather again within P. C.'s walls,
Forget not our glorious class.

M. E. DILLARD, '10.

**His Treasure Island**

It was a fun-loving, restless, daring young man who, having time hanging heavy on his hands and more money than he knew what to do with, left his home in south Florida to go to the uttermost parts of the earth, if need be, in search of adventure, in search of romance. He visited the society of all Eng-

land and Europe, but found it too much like that at home; and that was what he didn't like. He spent days traveling over Switzerland viewing the snow-capped wonders of the world, but soon tired of this. He visited the catacombs of Rome, and heard tales of the valor and bravery of the former rulers of that once great empire; but that was past. He was living in the present, and what cared he if the ancient Romans were heroes and great men, if he could not find something to make him a hero? Something really at hand, not a dream or fairy tale was what he longed for. In all his wanderings he had found no giants to kill and no princesses to rescue from an ogre's castle in some dark mountain. He went deep into the forests of Russia, thinking that perhaps there he might yet find some mighty castle surrounded by the undergrowth of a hundred years and break in to find a sleeping beauty whom he might wake with a kiss. But no, they were all in fairy tales, in books that tell of wonderful countries which have never yet been discovered.

He left the forests, disappointed, but determined to go on to the ends of the earth. He visited India and with disgust viewed the "coral strands" which are told of so much in song and story. He crossed the salty waters of the Dead Sea and came to Egypt. The pyramids and great sphinx did not inspire him as they would any ordinary man, for he was not an ordinary man. He was a great big handsome fellow, with the truest of blue eyes, and with darkest of curly hair and a complexion that was very brown now from six weeks of Africa's sun. His expression was jovial, but restless. He was always looking for something and never finding it. He was known while traveling as John Carrington, but to his parents and sister he was simply Jack.

He stayed in Alexandria a little longer than he had stayed at any other place, but he knew that the next ship he took would be homeward bound, and as yet he had not found the adventure for which he came; so he still lingered there, but his hope of excitement was almost gone. When at last he decided to

leave, it was with a very dejected, hopeless feeling that he signed his name, the last of a list of passengers to sail on the morrow for Spain, where they would change the little ship, "The Crest" for the man-of-war "Ranlion" which would bear them back to the new world.

His search had been fruitless. This world was a farce after all, nothing to suit this wild, romantic character, nothing of a nature exciting enough to arouse his interest. He had given up in despair and was now going home to try to be content with common things, with teas and parties and banquets and all such fuss as they have in a fashionable place; but he hated it all.

It was the last day of the voyage before they would come to the Acklin island and there they would stay in port all night. But before they reached this island a very funny thing happened, a very unusual thing that made Jack start from his deck chair, drop his book, open his sleepy eyes and wonder. He gave a low whistle and then got up. The captain saw it too and looked very hard for a moment, then a troubled expression came over his usually pleasant face. He left his post very abruptly and went to the mate who was at the other end of the deck. They both looked very hard for a few minutes at the object of concern. One or two straggling deck walkers looked that way and stopped when their eyes fell on the object. No one said a word, but somehow all feared something. The appearance of that object over the bend of the sea seemed to send a terrible spell over them. The object was a flag or banner of black on the topmast of a ship, on which could be seen embroidered in the cruelest red a skull and cross bones, with a sword overhanging. Later a second and then a third, both like the first, came into view. No one on board said a word to his companion, but the pale faces and terrified looks told each other plainly enough what was feared. The captain ordered the propeller to have full sway and told the soldiers to see to the guns and ammunition; they might need them. But it was useless, for in a few moments the great sea monsters swooped down upon them like some bird of prey and stormed the little

vessel so that in thirty minutes a flag of surrender went up. The crew of the *Raulion* thought that being prisoners in the hands of that most dreaded pirate band could not be worse than the fiery or watery grave that they saw opening to them. So they surrendered and were taken from their burning ship to that of the brigands.

Jack saw that at last he had found adventure; yes, and excitement, plenty of it.

The leader of the band was a hard man with a stern dark look, sharp cutting black eyes, and a harsh voice that could always be heard above everything else storming commands to his sailors. Jack went in line with the other prisoners to the lower deck, where they were left chained together until they should get to the port of the pirate's den. He had often heard of the deeds of this dreaded pirate band. The cruel things they did were spoken of in awed tones by all. A person was never known to escape when so unlucky as to fall into the hands of such a captor.

After a three days' sail south the vessel came to port at a little island, which was unknown to any of the crew of the *Raulion*. It was unknown to the world and was held by the pirate band as their den. It was scarcely more than a mile square. In the centre, surrounded by trees and much undergrowth, was a castle, dark, grey and very forbidding in its appearance. It was surrounded by a high wall with a huge iron gate in front, which was well barred and locked and was guarded by a very fierce looking soldier. Inside of this wall was a clear compound of some size and then one came to the door of the castle itself. This was barred almost as securely as the gate and guarded as well.

As the prisoners were led up from the ship these great gates were opened to admit them, and it was with the greatest fear that they would never see the outside world again that they saw these barriers close behind them. Jack went with the prisoners, and it was with the greatest minuteness that he took in every detail along the way. He was going in there to come

out again, not to die as all before him had done. His whole being tingled with life and activity. He was at last awake, fully awake to the present situation. He had traveled all over the world to get waked up, and when back home, at his very door, he found the greatest call to his daring spirit he could ever wish. Inside the first gate all was alive with excitement, men were hurrying here and there with loads of stuff, the booty of some poor ships, and putting it away. They were storing the bags of wheat and all such spoils in great barns that were now filled while all valuables, such as bags of gold, silver and jewels, were taken to a vault in the castle.

The underground floor of the castle was all used for dungeons and it was here, with a number of other unfortunate prisoners, that the crew of the *Ranlion* was placed. Jack's cell was a very dark, damp place with no window at all and no noticeable break in the stone wall, when viewed with a careless eye and by the light of a tiny candle. Here Jack stayed for three weeks without seeing any one, except the boy who brought his meals.

Things seemed rather gloomy and he was getting rather low spirited when one day he made a discovery. He had examined the wall several times, but not very closely, and today he decided to test them with his penknife again and see if by chance there should be some loose stone that would in some way aid him in his pull for the outer world. In the very back corner he found a loose pebble. He pulled it out and to his surprise there was a hollow space behind it. He quickly pulled away another and saw the cavity growing considerably larger. Hope sprang up in his breast and gave him strength to go on with greater zest, for here was a way to change the monotony of these four square walls, and perhaps—dared he hope so—a way to get out. He tugged away for an hour and then he had cleared an opening some three feet high and two feet wide in the back of his cell. He took his candle and trembling very much stepped, or rather crawled through the opening and then found himself in a long, dark passage. It was high enough for

him to stand erect, and was some three feet in width. The air was very close and musty. He could distinguish nothing very plainly, but holding his candle above his head he proceeded down this passage. He stumbled over something and when he examined it he found it to be a skull. This sent a chill to his heart, but he went on.

For the first ten feet he found no more obstacles, but then he came to a halt. The subway passage divided, one way led to a little door not three feet in front of him, while the other seemed quite long and the end of it could not be seen.

After a moment's thought he decided to try the door, but there seemed no way of opening it. No knob or spring was in sight. He tried for some moments, but all in vain, and was turning away, when he happened to step on a loose board, and quick as a flash the door fell back from its place.

The sight that met Jack's eyes will be with him the rest of his life. There was a large square apartment the walls of which were painted in panels, all of the same uniform order, the secret door forming one of these panels. In the centre of the room was a table laden with books, flowers, and music. Rich carpets were on the floor. Handsome pictures hung over the paneled wall. Comfortable chairs were about the room, and in one corner was a piano; while lying near was a guitar and a mandolin. The richest of lace drapery was everywhere. But the most impressive thing was a girl lying on a couch in another corner of the room. She was asleep. Jack stood for a moment dazed. He had never seen such a beautiful picture before. He hadn't liked girls much. They were thought to be only a bunch of laces and ribbons and nonsense. But he did not feel that way toward this creature whom he had so mysteriously stumbled upon. She wore a simple gown of white and no jewels whatever. Her only decoration was a lily in one hand while her head was pillowed on the other arm. Her dark hair was caught at the back of her head with a large bow of ribbon and then fell in a long curl over the crimson pillow. A few locks had strayed over her forehead. Her delicate ankle was barely visible below the hem of her dress. As

she lay there she was a sight to inspire an artist. But she had such a sad face. The sadness did not mar the beauty of it, however, but made the scene a pathetic one. Jack stood for an instant only, then it suddenly came to him that this was his sleeping beauty. He rushed across the room and falling on his knees before the couch impressed a kiss on the cheek of the sweet, tired face. She woke with a start, and seeing this handsome fellow by her she blushed, but demanded if he were one of that horrid leader's ambassadors come to try to persuade her to marry him and thus gain her release from this prison. She commanded him to go back: she would die rather than do that. She was going to take her imprisonment a thousand times in preference to a life with that brute. Jack at first stared in wonder at this outburst, but soon took in the situation. This beautiful thing, this lily from nature's garden, was being held in this dark place in the hope of being forced into an alliance with the brute leader of the terrible pirate band. At once his heart went out to her, and here he saw his princess in reality, whom he should rescue from an ogre indeed. He quickly explained his position to her, and as he talked he noted the hunted look leave her eyes and instead one of hope and trust take its place. She was almost desperate in her pleadings for him to save her from this awful fate, and Jack promised to save her with his life, if necessary. How could he do otherwise when those great dark eyes were looking so pleadingly into his very soul? He knew in that instant that she was queen of his heart; he was hopelessly and forever lost to her.

But now they had no time to waste, they must get out of this horrid place. They decided to explore the other passage and maybe they could find some way to the outside world.

It was in a very different state of mind that Jack stepped through the secret door, back into the dark chilly passage that led to he knew not where. The girl was by his side, trusting him for freedom. He must get out of there, if not by this passage by some other way, he knew not how. He was listening to every noise for fear of the discovery of his vacant cell

and then pursuit. That would never do; he had no means of defense whatever. Once as they were picking their way in the dinness, the girl stumbled and when she looked to see what the obstacle was, found it to be another skull. A cold shudder passed over her and she clutched Jack's arm that held the candle, but would have fallen had he not steadied her with his other. She soon regained her courage, however, and together they proceeded for some thirty feet and then came to a steep stairway leading down into seeming utter darkness and space. After a moment's hesitation they went down, only to find another long passage before them similar to the first. It was very damp and slippery and they heard water dripping from the ceiling to the floor. The girl shuddered and came closer to Jack. He tried to encourage her with kind words and helped her over the little pools of water which they found now collected on the floor. It was very damp and cold now, and Jack carefully wrapped his coat around the slight form of the girl, who was trembling perceptibly. She gave him a grateful look which repaid him for what he had done and more too. As they were crossing a much larger puddle of water he dropped the candle. It sputtered a moment and then went out. The darkness was oppressive. Fortunately the pirates had not robbed the prisoners of their personal possessions or clothing; so he had a match in his pocket, and after some delay he succeeded in persuading the candle to light again. Then they proceeded.

After some half-hour's walk they came to a steep flight of steps which looked very dangerous, but they tried the ascent. The hope of freedom was always urging them on. Jack had almost to drag the tired girl up the steps. When they reached the top and paused for breath a moment they were still in a dark passage with seemingly no end; but it was not so damp or cold as below. Then Jack heard something that chilled him to the very heart. Away down the passage, at the foot of the stairs, he could hear voices loudly talking and swearing, and feet splashing through the water. They were being pursued. He grabbed the girl and started down the long passage.

There was a sharp turn where Jack was not expecting it, and he ran into the wall. This knocked him back somewhat, but he soon picked himself up, drew the girl, whom he was now almost carrying, closer to him and hastened on. Not ten feet ahead was another flight of stairs, which they quickly mounted. At the head of this was a door just like the one to the room in which Jack had found the precious burden that he was now carrying away with him. He stopped in desperation. Suppose he could not open the door! They could still hear the watchmen coming and knew when they were found that it would be instant death. After a moment's trial the door yielded to some hidden spring which Jack never knew when he touched; but they both sprang through, and quick as a flash the door was back in its place.

They found themselves in a large room. The room seemed to be used as a sitting room for a little dwelling which was situated on the sea coast near the landing place of the vessels. The secret door was seen to be a panel in the wall, just as in the room of the castle, and it was invisible now. This long underground passage had been unknown to any people of the island for a long time until it was suddenly found by Jack. The distance traversed underground by Jack and his companion was from the centre of the castle to the very coast, nearly a mile.

But they could not stand there, and already they heard the approaching pursuers, who might be able to work the door; and when freedom seemed so near, it might be taken from them. They saw no one in sight except an old man in front walking on the beach. They went to him and he, thinking they were some of the leader's friends, for he never saw prisoners out like that, was quick to do their bidding. Jack caught the old sailor's attitude and made good use of it. He said they wanted to leave the island for a few days and asked if he could take them. The old sailor hesitated, but at last thinking they were friends, told them that he could take them to the coast of the Acklin island in three days. They at once said that that was where they wished to go, and the old man, being

captain of a small ship which lay at anchor in the harbor, did not hesitate to order it out at once to Asklin. The couple went aboard the little vessel trembling with joy and hope. Could it be true that they were at last free from the dreaded pirates? But they would not hope too much until they were well out at sea.

The girl nestled back in a great steamer chair while Jack was tucking the robe a little closer around her. The night, though beautiful, was a little cool. They had learned each other now and after their perilous escape together they felt that they understood each other better than they could if they had just been friends for a long time.

The stars were beautiful. There was nothing to mar the beauty of the scene. The moon was just rising and sent its rays softly over the calm sea. Jack stood with his arm over the back of the girl's chair while they both gazed upon the inspiring scene before them. The prayer of each was that their life's sailing might be over a sea as calm and as beautiful and as hopeful as the one on which they were now sailing.

K. A.

❖

A Pipe Dream

The world is wrapt in rays of sinking sun;
'Round me their benediction dwells,
Gentler than faint farewells of wearied nun,
When soothed to sleep by evening bells.

I stand again close by my sweetheart's side,
In a far away Southern land.
The roses bloom like blushes of a bride,
And cast their petals o'er the sand.

I see the evening light upon her dress—
The girlish bloom upon her cheek.
I'm lost to the world in this dream's caress—
In happiness no words can speak.

I feel again her trustful hand in mine;
Across my face, the zephyr wafts

Soft tendrils of her hair, so fairy fine,
That from its meshes Venus laughs.

I hear again her promise, soft and clear—
The old, old story's sweet refrain,
Which men have always, always, loved to hear,
And long, and long, to hear again.

And then I'm loath to lay my pipe aside,
As one who parts with a brief embrace,
To behold the form of his vision-bride,
Dissolve in smoke, and dreams, and space.

ALUMNUS.

❖

Unrewarded Heroism

We call one who has bravery, wisdom, foresight and courage a hero. The word itself brings such a picture before our eyes of one who had these qualifications, as the valiant Caesar, Napoleon, and Washington. These brave men had their reward in their power and in the praise of men. The word hero generally brings with it such memories of distinguished beings, but this is only a very narrow way of viewing the subject.

In any special case or close study of the laws of gravity our eyes are opened, and we see how wonderful it all is; and many common actions are thus explained. Thus it is with this study; a hero attracts praise as gravity attracts substances, and the closer you study humanity, the more interesting the study will prove.

The common soldier fighting in the front of the battle bravely falls, unnoticed, he is left alone with his comrades who have met with the same fate; dewy night shrouds him, and the pale moonbeams hover near pityingly. He has fallen, bravely fighting until the last for a cause that he believed to be right. His courage was dauntless 'till the end, but now he is forgotten.

The nurse who gently and bravely waits upon the wounded and dying, who listens to their call, administers to their wants, and points their hope upward, is an angel of light. What

valuable aid is given to a suffering world by the gentle and untiring touch of this hand, brave and courageous as it is.

But there is another example nearer and dearer to us than any, and probably the one most unnoticed, it is that of the mother who toils day after day, performing the domestic duties with a song, kissing the bruises of the little ones, encouraging the older ones, and urging others on to take advantage of opportunities she missed, and making, in fact, what we call Home. She prepares the foundation on which the world must stand; her hand indirectly rules the world. The lives of our great men are only the result of her training. Certainly she has every characteristic of a hero.

Some win medals and praises of men. Others toil day after day seemingly unrewarded and unappreciated, but their influence starts a ripple on the lake of time that grows and grows and stops only with eternity's shore. The home influence is the most impressive and lasting.

These are only a few of the general places in which we may look to find unrewarded heroes. Truly "Many a hero is born to live unknown, and waste his goodness in some desert plain." These are never known and never appreciated by the world at large. But there are many who during their lives were unknown, but who now are showered with praises from all lands.

Heroes are often reformers leading men back to Christ and to the reality of life, and ever since there was a church there have been persecutions. John Huss, who declared Wycliff's doctrine to be true and maintained that the people should be allowed to read their Book, after being brought before the council three times saw his books burned at the gate of the city and afterwards suffered a similar fate. John Rogers, who carefully translated the Bible into English, was unappreciated and burned at the stake in the reign of Mary.

John Wycliffe the morning star of the Reformation, published treatises against the friars and reproached the Romish Church and the vileness of its monastic agents. Urged to retract these teachings, he refused to do so and went to work

translating the Bible into English. Late in life he was struck with palsy and his enemies considered him below their resentment. He died; his life, as far as he knew, a failure. Martin Luther died from sickness before realizing the full and glorious results of his heroic struggle for purity of doctrine and liberty of thought. John Calvin, a man of eminent talents, clear understanding, solid judgment, and happy memory, was a true friend to civil liberty. He, however, was a man misunderstood and hated. This idea is brought out in the little extract

“But as the poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy coasts confined,
So Presbyt’ry and pestilential zeal
Can only flourish in a commonweal.”

These are only the names of a very few of the many men who have spent their lives for others and for religion’s sake and have passed away unrewarded in this life. Let us now turn and hurriedly call to mind the names of some of our great masters of literature who seemed not to be appreciated in their age, but now are praised by the whole world.

Chaucer, who gave us that splendid production, *Canterbury Tales*, near the end of his life had not enough money for mere living expenses, had to ask the king for a pension, and was not appreciated by his countrymen. No poetry is loftier, purer, or more serious than Milton’s. His greatness as a poet is seen in *Paradise Lost*. But the last great work of this man, *Samson Agonistes*, gives us in Sampson a portrait of himself, poor and blind. He, too, was lonely and dishonored amid the triumph of his foes. All the sweetness and music had disappeared, but majesty and sublimity still remained. John Bunyan’s life may be interpreted from his greatest work—*Pilgrim’s Progress*. Christian fleeing from the city of destruction may seem a type of Bunyan fleeing from the follies of his age. Tennyson had success for a while, but his later poems are rather gloomy in tone, impressing us with a sense of failure and disillusion concerning great movements of the age.

However, his personal faith and courage are expressed in "Crossing the Bar."

Each man truly has a place to fill and no other place will suit him. You may be a hero by performing bravely your duties in this plan of your life. Failure is one of the ways to success. The prodigal was nearer true success when he sat in the swine pasture, a ragged bankrupt, than when he reveled in his costly vices. Each man is too light for some places, too heavy for others, and just right for others. Failing in a work for which he is unfitted often brings him to his true place. Judge Tourgee's failure as a reconstruction lawyer led to his success as a great novelist and editor.

Raymond Lull, the first missionary to the Moslems, grew into a saint through a school of suffering. Love, not learning, is the key to his character. He died in Africa and was really ahead of his age, but couldn't show it for his environment. Robert Moffat, the missionary hero of Kuruman, Africa, converted the people from savages, and now Christianity is growing there. John Eliot, like the "apostle to the Gentiles," the "apostle to the Indians," spent his life for them, toiling in a strange land.

Closer study would reveal the unselfish character of many who wore away their lives doing what not their age but ours enjoys. These are only a few examples of what we call unrewarded heroes.

"Some are truly born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." But the general road to success is one of toil and care. We spend our time each day in the careful study of life's problems with little success apparently.

The problems of mathematics and Latin have almost proved too great for us at times, and all our work has seemed in vain when the result of it all was a failure; but, as one climbs on his mistakes, so we have applied ourselves more diligently. And now a greater problem than any we have yet confronted lies before us for solution—the problem of choosing our plan for life. May the loving Father direct us and help us to

labor for Him diligently and earnestly in our realm, where'er it may be, and to be brave and courageous—true heroes whether the world recognizes the fact or not.

ANNIE AUSTIN.



The Call of the Enoree

My heart is in the sunny South today,
 'Mid Carolina's purple, pine-clad hills,
Where oft I've heard the soothing liquid lay
 Of a flowing river whose music thrills.

I long to see the cottage on the hill,
 That sylvan home of sunlit, summer days,
Where no sorrow could find a place to fill,
 But gladness, joy and peace were mine always.

To stroll beside the winding woodland rill,
 With friends of long ago would joyful be;
To wander at will o'er valley and hill,
 Through forests dense with leafy tapestry.

Would that once more the gladness, merry ring
 Of those cheer-laden voices I could hear—
The maiden's laugh across the water's flung
 Its siren notes to charm the list'ning ear.

Could I be there again at eventide,
 With joy would I list to the old South songs
As they cast their spell through the shadows wide,
 Like the far-away chant of angel throngs.

ALUMNUS.



Dreamers

Dreamers are the architects of greatness. Their vision lies within their souls. The dreams they dream and the things they see are not the mirages of fact, but they look beyond veils and mists of doubt and pierce the walls of unborn time.

As the dreamer lives high upon the mountain top of thought

and purpose, the world below looking up does not understand. The world is not able to grasp the greatness with its cramped mind and its vision is so short that it cannot comprehend the truth and reality of the dreams. And thus not being able to rise to the level of the dreamer, the world has ever given him jeers instead of praise and persecution in the place of reward. Look in the paths of progress and here you will find the heart-blood dropped from the broken heart of the dreamer. And for this he has not even received pity.

The struggles of the dreamers have not been made with an unconquerable ambition for the fame and glory of crowns and thrones. They have made empires, but not to rule them. To receive ostentatious reward from men, to be in the pageant are not the fires which have wrought their resolution into steel. Grief only streaks their hair with silver, but has never greyed their hopes.

What noble courage was theirs to dare the uncharted seas. With only courage for a mast and their dreams for a compass they sail away undaunted for the far, blind shores. Seek for braver men on the field of battle and you will find none whose valor can surpass the courage of those who unflinchingly faced the unknown future where others halted, and instead of receiving the aid of their fellow-men they encountered fierce opposition. But untiring energy in their efforts and an undying faith in their dreams have carried them through.

Look about you at those things which you would call miracles and you will find that these have all been wrought by the brains of dreamers; their great stone spires that tower far over the earth and pierce the skies above, their golden crosses kissing the sun. Through the invention of the innumerable kinds of machinery they enable man to do former impossibilities. The powerful steam engine carries you from one side of the continent to the other in a few days. The ponderous camels of the ocean carry their enormous cargoes across the boundless desert of the waves in an exceedingly short space of time. The cables beneath the ocean bring us within

speaking distance of lands thousands of miles away. These dreamers have almost entirely eliminated distance as far as speech is concerned. They have harnessed the waves of the air as well as of the sea, man now being able to speak thousands of miles through the air. The great and invaluable services rendered to the human race by dreamers are too numerous to mention.

Hands are not all with which man has to build. If they were, there would be no advance nor progress, he would remain in the same condition for time to come. If he would move forward he must look forward to things beyond the present. He must live not only in the present but also in the future.

B. S.

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Good-Bye

P. C., you opened your arms to us
As we came into this college hall,
You seemed so good; 'twas all a joke,
To this green group of Freshmen all.

The year wore on with steady tread
And our spirits, too full of fun and play,
Were dropped when we worked our Math. on the floor
Instead of greased boards, on that April day.

In our Sophomore year we learned to dread you
The Greek and Latin were growing long;
Exams caused us many a midnight watch,
Taking with them light hearts and song.

If we'd stop by the bulletin-board in the hall
To find out the lesson from a friend,
At the office door was sure to appear
Either Mr. Spencer or "Sunny Jim."

In the Junior year we thought that they,
Our professors, knew us every one,
How much of books we Juniors knew,
And how much studying we had done.

But one thing lacks in their knowledge yet,
It happened in Latin at the board one day.
The lesson was got from a book outside
That rose from the ground in a curious way.

In the Senior year we know we love you,
In spite of your ways and wily arts,
We hate to think of going to leave you
And tearing asunder our innocent hearts.

In spite of all that Dr. Bean says
Of our long tongues all being "possessed"
He reluctantly says between scolds sometimes
That really this Senior class is the best.

But since 'tis o'er, P. C., you smile
At your work, and the polishing you've done,
The wayward and bashful ways you've cured;
And now with new aims we go to our homes.

We turn aside with heavy hearts,
Though this trial others before us have borne,
'The time has come when our way together
Into various paths and roads must turn.

May our paths all lead, though round about,
To a true and noble goal; and when
We think of this, yet, friends, we hope
To meet you in the world again.

Our Alma Mater we'll always love
With all our teachers and comrades, and turn
Through the trials and struggles of life to view
The truth of the lessons we have learned.

These lessons we learned through hardships and pain
And our sympathy, underclassmen, we leave,
Remember. Farewell. Yes, close the door,
We're gone. But our hearts to you always cleave.

ANNE AUSTIN—Poet, '10.

The Collegian

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

M. M. SELLERS, Editor

Parting Time

Once more the time has come when college students have to part. To some it may be said that it is a sad time. The Seniors bid the students their last farewell and go out into the busy world to make new friends. Of course they will make friends, but they will not be the same to them that their college friends were.

It is sad because the student turns his back upon the dear old campus, the class rooms, society halls, and the athletic field. But the student life is just a preparation for the out-

side world, and much depends upon how the student has utilized his time while engaged in such preparation.

And the present editorial staff is passing off the stage of action. We have tried to give you a good magazine. We have worked hard. We have had trials, worries, and hardships. And now we are glad to be relieved of our duties. It would be needless to say here that we appreciate the honor that the student body has bestowed upon us. We have tried to show our appreciation by giving our very best work.

The new editors will be confronted with the same trials that we have faced when they shall take the burden upon their shoulders. But the editors believe that they are leaving behind a sturdy staff. Therefore, we, the editors, wish them good luck. And may their efforts be crowned with success.

College spirit among us is growing.

Junior Reception

In former years there has been a lack of good fellowship between the different classes, and especially between the Junior and Senior. There has been little intercourse between the two classes and few occasions on which to become acquainted. Realizing this deficiency the Juniors invited the Seniors to a reception on April 18th. Here there was given ample opportunity for the members of the two classes to strengthen friendships.

The festivities opened with the guests assembling in the spacious parlors of the President's home. Each Senior and Junior brought along one of the fair sex, which enlivened the occasion very much. After a social intercourse for about two hours, the assembly departed for the dining hall where a delicious repast was served and toasts were proposed by some of our budding orators. Having satisfied the cravings of the inner man, both hosts and guests retired to seek their respective places of abode. May such banquets be held by the Junior class each year for the betterment and advancement of good fellowship between the Junior and Senior classes.

What part of the flower would you call a shoot
Head: The pistol (pistil) sir.

Some one give me a definition of an amateur.
Latham: An amateur is one under 21 years of age.

Co-ed B. B. is very fond of physics, as she learns so much about J(o)ule's experiments.

Senior: I don't see how the Soph. boys keep their hats on.
Professor of Physics: Why, vacuum pressure, of course.

Register says he can't make a round circle to save his life.

Boys, to Coleman: What in the mischief are you digging that hole for?

Coleman: I am going to fill it with ice to protect myself with while passing through the tail of the comet.

Co-ed A. B., having an individual "Will," and fearing it would be cold at the Jr.-Sr. banquet, got some (Fewell) fuel to kindle a fire to make things more pleasant.

On May 3, the last game of the baseball season was played against Furman on the home diamond and resulted in a victory for the garnet and blue to the tune of 1—0. Our season has been very successful from a financial standpoint, as well as from the game-winning point of view. Fuller, our second baseman, is leading in batting with a percentage of 395. Leaman follows Fuller with 355, while Sellers, Winn and McGregor have done some good hitting. Simpson, J., leads the fielding list with 1,000 as his percentage. Winn follows with 986, while McGregor, Fulton S. P., Fulton C. D., Sellers and Simpson are fielding over 900. Although Fuller, Leaman and Mazyck do not quite reach the 900 mark, they have done some fast fielding and their work with the stick makes them valuable men. We are fortunate in that all except two

of our present team, expect to be back next year. McGregor and Sellers will leave us this year and in letting them go we lose two good men. McGregor's steady pitching has helped largely in our success this year, while Sellers has done some brilliant work both in the field and at the bat. Most of our success, however, lies in the work of Mr. Galloway, our very efficient coach. He has secured the good will of each member on the team and has caused the team to feel a certain interest in one another without which a team is rarely successful. We also wish in this issue to express our thanks to the residents of the town for showing their interest in the welfare of our team this year and hope they have enjoyed the season.

The following is the schedule of games: P. C. 10, Charleston College 2; P. C. 0, Charleston College 4; P. C. 11, Charleston College 0; P. C. 11, Charleston College 3; P. C. 0, Erskine College 4; P. C. 0, Erskine College 2; P. C. 7, Mechanics 2; P. C. 6, Mechanics 2; P. C. 9, Mechanics 3; P. C. 1, Wofford 2; P. C. 1, Wofford 2; P. C. 8; Clemson 6; P. C. 4, Furman 1; P. C. 1, Furman 0.



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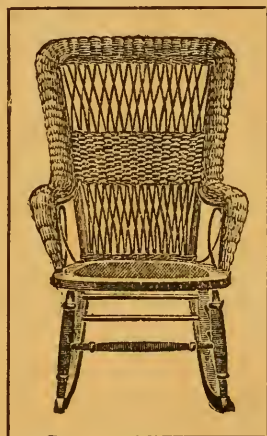


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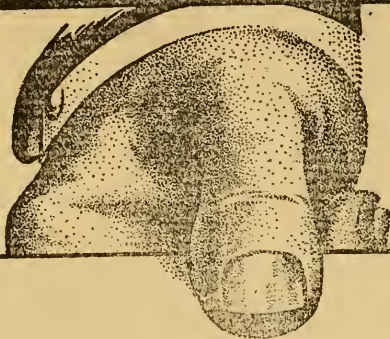
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